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THE TAYLOR SCHOOL READERS

FIRST READER

Frances Lilian Taylor

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Educ T 759.00.825

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THE

TAYLOR SCHOOL READERS

FIRST READER

BY

FRANCES LILIAN TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF "THE WERNER PRIMER," ETC.

NEW YORK · : · CINCINNATI · : · CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Educ T759.00.825

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this First Reader is to provide lessons which will help children learn to read, and, at the same time, awaken in them a love of good books and good reading. It is intended, in short, to be the child's introduction to literature.

In preparing and arranging the various lessons, the author's chief care has been to present such matter as is based upon the child's instinctive interests; hence the choice of subjects has been influenced by the character of the reading which children select when left to themselves.

It has been observed that children teach themselves to read through memorizing their favorite rhymes. For this reason nursery rhymes and memory gems are a characteristic feature of this book, and are used to introduce many of the new words. They are designed to be read to the children and to be memorized by them.

The new words that are used in the reading lessons are presented gradually, averaging but four to the page throughout the first fifty pages.

Reviews and phonetic exercises furnish word drills, and the abundance of script provides copies for learning to spell and to write. Many additions to the kindergarten occupations given in "The Werner Primer" are presented, together with copies for color work, drawing, cutting, and brush work.

Through the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, The Bowen-Merrill Company, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Harper & Brothers, the American Book Company, the Milton Bradley Company, and the Thomas Charles Company, stanzas and poems appear from their publications. Short poems published by *The Favorite* and the *Youth's Companion* are also included in these pages. For the kind permissions granted many thanks are due.

The author and the publishers desire to express their thanks to all who have given the benefit of their experience and skill in reading manuscript and assisting in preparing it for the press.

HURRAH FOR THE FLAG.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

There are many flags in many lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
  Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

We shall always love the stars and stripes,
  And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
  The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag!
  Our country's flag,
Its stripes, and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land,
  Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

—Mary H. Howliston.

Hurrah
for our flag!

The flag.

The flag.

The stars.

The stars.

The stripes.

The stripes.

The boy.

The boy.

boy stars stripes has

boy stars stripes has

The stars.

The stripes.

The flag.

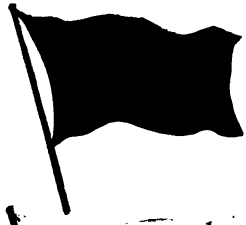
Our flag.

The boy.

The boy has a flag.
The flag has stars.
The flag has stripes.

a blue white red

A blue white red

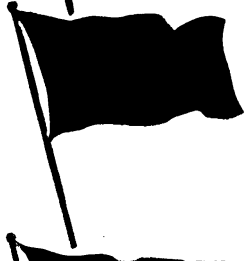


a red flag.

A red flag.

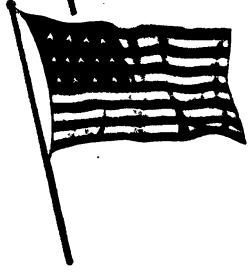
a white flag.

A white flag.



a blue flag.

A blue flag.



Our flag.

Our flag.

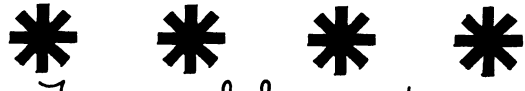
I for see me

I for see me

One red star,

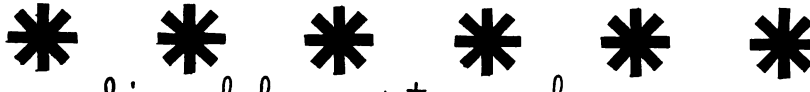
Two red stars,

Three red stars, I see;



Four blue stars,

Five blue stars,



Six blue stars for me.

We love and is

we love and is

Our flag has stars.
Our flag has stripes.
Our flag is red, white
and blue.

We love our flag.

Hurrah for our flag.
Hurrah for the stars.
Hurrah for the stripes.
Hurrah for the red,
white and blue.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

Here home have my

Here home have my

I have a home.

I have a home.

Here is my home

Here is my home.

little
little

bird
bird

lives
lives

song
song

tree
tree

Little birdie in the tree,
In the tree,
In the tree,
Little birdie in the tree,
Sing a song to me.

sing talk yellow green to

sing talk yellow green to

I have a bird.
My bird lives in a tree.
I talk to my bird.
Little bird.
Yellow bird.
Little yellow bird.
Little bird in the tree.
Sing for me.

Sing, little bird.
Sing, little yellow bird.
Sing, sing, sing.
Sing in the tree.
Sing in the green tree.
Sing a song to me.

Painted by E. Blume. (14)

PLAYMATES.

sky are through window

sky are through window

clouds

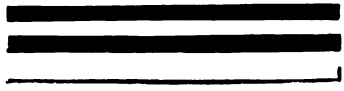
clouds

look

look

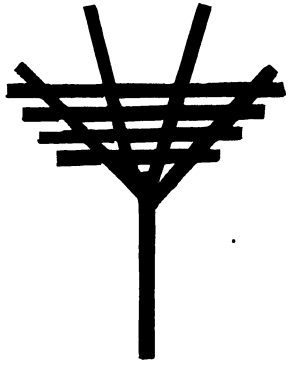
Through the window
I can see
Sky and cloud,
Bird and tree.

I look through the window.
I see the sky.
The sky is blue.
I see the clouds.
The clouds are white.



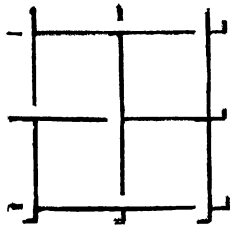
My splints.

My splints.



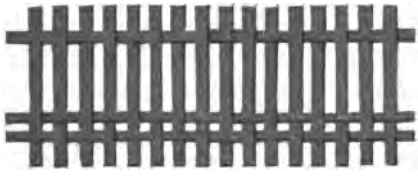
A fan.

A fan.



A window.

A window.



A fence.

A fence.

can weave made play

can weave made play

I play with my splints.

I can weave splints.

I have red splints.

I have yellow splints and blue splints.

I have made a fan.

My fan is red.

Here is a window I have made.

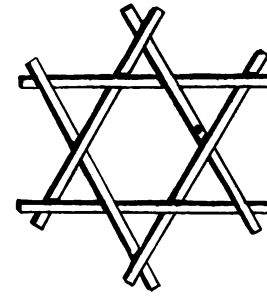
I can look through my window.

The window is yellow.

See my fence.

My fence is blue.

Look at my star.



Painting by G. A. Holmes.

dogs kitty with two

dogs kitty with two

I have two dogs.
I have a kitty.
My dogs love me.
My kitty loves me.
I play with my kitty.
I play with my dogs.

REVIEW WORDS.

boy	bird	stars	stripes	we
sky	song	cloud	splints	me
tree	blue	flag	kitty	my
fan	have	dogs	window	is
our	lives	fence	green	in

has	love	home	little	at
can	look	white	hurrah	to
are	sing	play	weave	red
and	here	talk	yellow	see
two	with	made	through	for

PHONETIC EXERCISE.

fan	bell	pin	top	run
ran	tell	tin	hop	sun
man	fell	in	stop	cut
can	ten	it	box	but
than	men	sit	fox	cup

Bennie about brother

Bennie about brother

Here is Bennie Boy.
Bennie is my brother.
I can sing a song about
Bennie Boy.

he rabbit gray

he rabbit gray

Our Bennie Boy has a little rabbit,
Our Bennie Boy has a little rabbit,
Our Bennie Boy has a little rabbit,
One little rabbit gray.
One little, two little, three little rabbits,
Four little, five little, six little rabbits,
Seven little, eight little, nine little rabbits,
Ten little rabbits gray.

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,
Five, four, three, two, one.

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six.
Five, four, three, two, one.

They run likes jump

they run likes jump

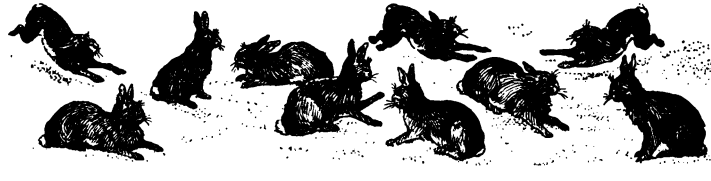
his away them

his away them

Ten little rabbits.
Ten gray rabbits.
Ten little gray rabbits.

They can jump.
They can run away.

Bennie has ten rabbits.
He likes his rabbits.
He likes to see them play.



Grace
pink
dear
ears
long
eyes

Grace
pink
dear
ears
long
eyes

Long ears,
Pink eyes,
Feet that jump and run ;
Short tail,
White coat,
Pretty Bunny-bun.

Grace has a white rabbit.
Bennie gave it to her.
It is a dear little rabbit.

it	she	coat
it	*she*	*coat*
her	grass	gave
her	*grass*	*gave*

The rabbit has long ears.
It has pink eyes.
It has a white coat.
Grace loves her rabbit.
She plays with it.
She runs with it in the grass.
Grace runs and jumps.
The rabbit jumps and plays.

run	love	live	like	has
runs	loves	lives	likes	have
play	jump	look	make	give
plays	jumps	looks	made	gave

Mamma

Mamma

playmate

playmate

book picture girl am of

book picture girl am of

I am a little girl.
Grace is my playmate.
Grace and I like pictures.
I have a picture book.
Mamma gave it to me.
I have a picture of Bennie.
My picture is in the book.
My little dogs are with me.

The rabbit has long ears.
It has pink eyes.
It has a white coat.
Grace loves her rabbit.
She plays with it.
She runs with it in the gra
Grace runs and jumps.
The bbit jumps and p

run	e	live
runs	es	liv
play	p	
plays		

on

all

wing

eft,

ight,

arms

sleep

night

lear little birdies
all the long night."

up
sky
fly

up
sky
fly

"Up, up in the sky,
The little birds fly.

down
nest
birds

down
nest
birds

Down, down in the nest,
The little birds rest.

on

all

wing

on

all

wing

With a wing on the left,
And a wing on the right,

arms

sleep

night

arms

sleep

night

The dear little birdies
Sleep all the long night."

holds hands now us

holds hands now us

Grace can sing a song for us.
She sings about the birds.
She plays her arms are wings.
She holds her hands like a nest.
Now she sleeps like the little birds.

REVIEW WORDS.

girl	arms	likes	Grace	he
book	eyes	night	Bennie	she
coat	they	hands	Mamma	his
ears	long	sleeps	rabbit	her
nest	dear	them	grass	it
wing	gray	jump	picture	all
fly	pink	holds	playmate	on
hop	gave	away	brother	up
now	run	down	about	am

Papa Baby this then work

Papa Baby this then work

We can work,
We can play,
We are happy
All the day.

This is Bennie.
Bennie and I work
for Mamma.
We work for Papa,
and then we play.
We play with the dogs.
We run in the long grass.
Our dogs run with us.
Mamma looks through the window
to see us play.
She holds Baby up to the window.

Painting by Henriette Ronner.

WHAT DO THEY SEE ?

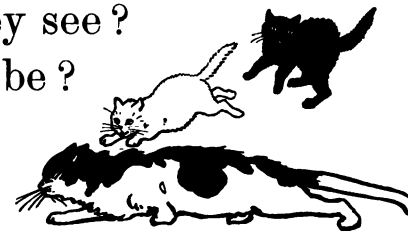
what calls does floor

what calls does floor

cats black be do

cats black be do

Look at the cats!
The mamma cat is on the books.
What does she see?
She looks and looks.
She calls Kitty White.
She calls Kitty Black.
Kitty White runs to look.
Kitty Black runs to look.
What is on the floor?
What do they see?
What can it be?



Shep takes care cradle out

Shep takes care cradle out

Here is our dog, Shep.
Shep takes care of the baby.
Baby likes to have Shep with her.
Baby holds out her hands.
She calls the dog.
Then Shep runs to the baby.
Baby sleeps in the cradle.
Shep sleeps on the floor by the cradle.

there — *there*

eggs — *eggs*

high — *high*

old — *old*

oak — *oak*

safe — *safe*

There's a dear little nest
In the old oak tree,
Safe and high, safe and high.
There are three little eggs,
Blue as blue can be,
Like the sky, like the sky.

Rock-a-bye, birdies, upon the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.

top rocks upon will

top rocks upon will

There is a cradle in the old oak tree.
It is high in the tree.
It is safe in the tree.
It rocks on the tree top.

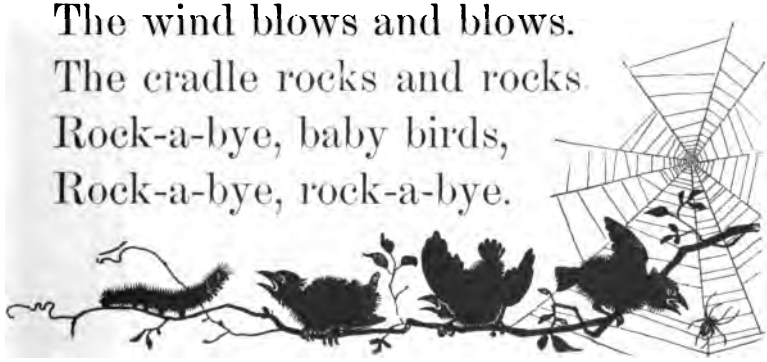
blows rock-a-bye wind

blows rock-a-bye wind

food feed when back

food feed when back

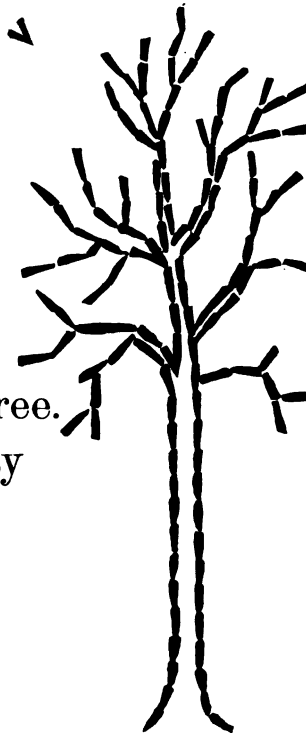
What is in the cradle?
Baby birds, one, two, three.
The baby birds call for food.
The old birds fly away.
They fly back to the nest.
They feed the baby birds.
The little birds sleep in the nest.
The wind blows and blows.
The cradle rocks and rocks.
Rock-a-bye, baby birds,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.



you flying box pegs

you flying box pegs

Do you see what we have made?
We have made a green tree.
We made it with pegs.
I have a box of pegs.
I gave Bennie the
green pegs.
Then he made the tree.
See the red birds.
They are made of pegs.
They are flying to the tree.
Bennie and I like to play
with pegs.
We can make stars and
flags and trees.



come	ground	pretty
come	*ground*	*pretty*

Come here, come here.
Look down on the ground.
What do you see?
I see a nest in the grass.
See the pretty white eggs.
One, two, three, four eggs.
Four eggs are in the bird's cradle
on the ground.

not your keep no

not your keep no

Is the nest for me?
O, no, no, no.
Is the nest for you?
O, no, no, no.

The bird made the nest.
The nest is not for me.
The nest is not for you.
The nest is for the bird.
The bird loves her nest.
The bird loves her eggs.
We will not take the nest.
We will not take the eggs.
Keep your nest, little bird.
Keep your pretty little home.

REVIEW WORDS.

box	feed	Papa	floor	us
top	food	Baby	cradle	do
cat	keep	Shep	ground	be
oak	calls	takes	black	no
wind	does	come	pretty	not
eggs	care	rocks	flying	one
pegs	this	your	blows	old
then	safe	back	there	out
will	what	when	three	you
work	high	four	upon	of

PHONETIC EXERCISE.

may	me	pine	old	blue
lay	we	fine	fold	true
way	bee	ride	no	use
say	tree	hide	so	you
hay	free	side	go	your

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Sing, sing, lily bells ring!
The blossoms are coming to town,
Daisies and lilies and daffydowndillies,
Each in a bright new gown.

Sing, sing, lily bells ring!
The blossoms are coming to town,
Lilacs and roses and other sweet posies
Each in a bright new gown.

lily
lily

lilies
lilies

ring
ring

flowers
flowers

bells
bells

roses
roses

town
town

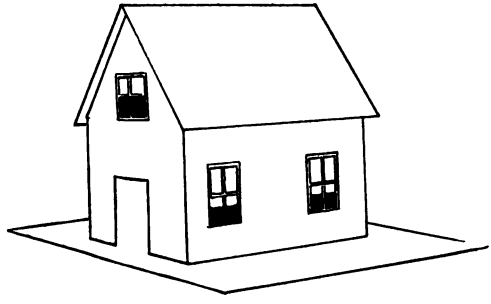
coming
coming

Ring, ring! Sing, sing!
The flowers are coming to town.
The white lilies are here.
The red roses are on the way.

Grace and I love the flowers.
We play our lily bells can ring.
We play our roses can talk.

doll house door

doll *house* *door*



paper

paper

painted

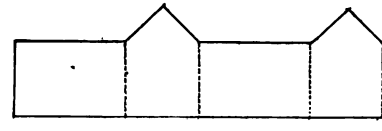
painted

This is my doll house.
I made the house of paper.
Mamma painted it for me.
I cut the doors.
Mamma painted the windows.
The house is for my paper doll.
My doll is in the house now.
I can see her through the door.

roof	table	chair	cut
roof	table	chair	cut
how	tell	put	too
how	tell	put	too

I will tell you how I made this doll house.

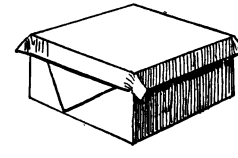
I cut a paper like this.



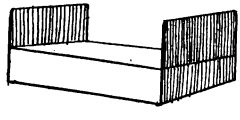
Then I made a roof.

I put the house on green paper.

I made a paper table for my little house.

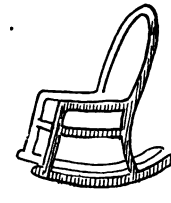


Mamma painted it for me.



Mamma made a paper bed for my doll.

She has made a pretty little chair, too.



horse wagon going draw

horse wagon going draw

ride good-by

ride good-by

This is Old Gray.
Old Gray is our horse.
I ride on Old Gray's back.
Bennie plays Shep is his horse.
Shep can draw our little wagon.
Now we are going to ride.
Do you see me in the wagon?
Do you see my brother Bennie?

where
where
knee
knee
Bumpville
Bumpville

It's bumpty bump, and it's jiggity jog,
Journeying on to Bumpville.
It's over the hilltop and down through the bog
You ride on your way to Bumpville.

From "Love Songs of Childhood."
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— EUGENE FIELD.

Look at Baby!
She is riding on Papa's knee.
She plays she is on a horse.
Where is Baby going?
Baby is going to Bumpville.
Good-by, Baby, good-by.

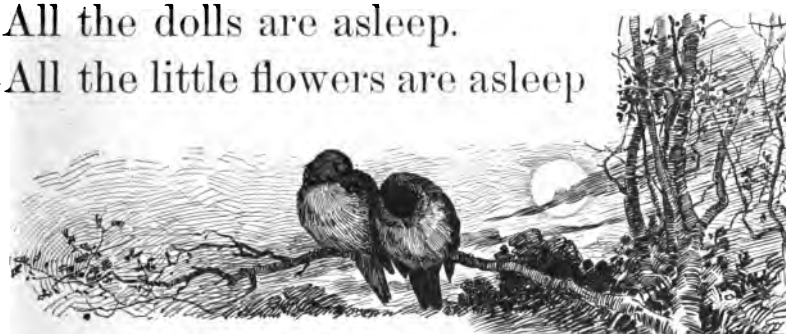
From a painting by Thomas Ford.

Don't detain the Shut-eye train —
Ting-a-ling! the bell it goeth,
Toot-toot! the whistle bloweth.

Shut-eye train soon asleep

Shut-eye train soon asleep

Where is Baby going now?
Baby is going to sleep.
We play Baby is on the Shut-eye train.
Baby is going to Shut-eye town.
In Shut-eye town the birds are asleep.
All the dolls are asleep.
All the little flowers are asleep



Over hill and over plain
Soon will speed the Shut-eye train!
Through the blue where bloom the stars
And the Mother Moon looks down.
'Tis a goodly train of cars,
All aboard for Shut-eye town.

From "Love Songs of Childhood," by Eugene Field.
By permission of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

cars whistle ting-a-ling toot

cars whistle ting-a-ling toot

Bennie and I play we are on the cars.
Our train is made of chairs.
Bennie blows the whistle, toot, toot, toot!
I ring the bell, ting-a-ling-a-ling!
Kitty Black is on the train.
Come, Baby, come and ride with us.
We will stop at Bumpville.

London Bridge is broken down,
Broken down, broken down,
London Bridge is broken down,
My fair lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold,
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Stolen away, stolen away,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My fair lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Wood and clay, wood and clay,
Wood and clay will wash away,
My fair lady.

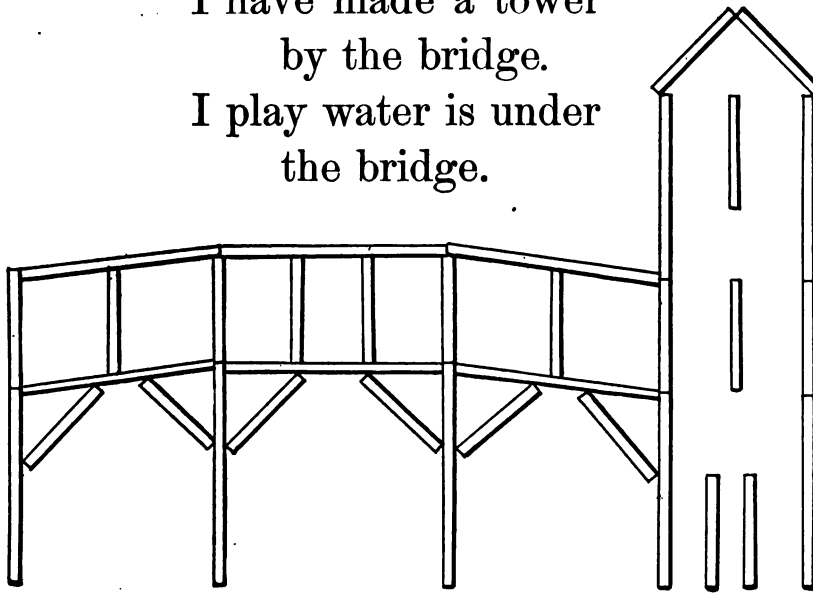
Build it up with stone so strong,
Stone so strong, stone so strong,
Stone will last for ages long,
My fair lady.

REVIEW WORDS.

lily	roses	paper	eye
cars	table	wagon	doll
door	house	flowers	way
roof	chair	lilies	cut
shut	train	painted	tell
stop	town	going	ring
draw	horse	coming	put
ride	bells	asleep	how
soon	where	good-by	too

tower	water	blocks	bridge
sticks	under	build	stone

Men build bridges of wood and stone.
I can build bridges with my blocks.
I can lay a bridge with sticks.
I will lay one for you.
Come here and see it.
I have made a tower
by the bridge.
I play water is under
the bridge.



PATTERN FOR STICK LAYING.

boats	from	ships	burn
wood	building	used	so

What is in a tree?
Wood to burn.
Wood for building houses.
Wood for boats and ships.
My pegs are made of wood.
So are my blocks.
My splints are cut from wood.

Bow down, green forest, so fair and good,
Bow down, green forest, and give us wood.

—Laura E. Richards.

The mines are dug
  In the earth so deep;
'Tis there that silver
  And gold do sleep.
—L. E. R.

gold	silver
find	rocks
dig	mines
go	money

Silver and gold are in the ground.
Men dig mines in the ground.
They go down in the mines.
They find silver and gold in the rocks.
What is made of gold and silver?
—— are made of gold and silver.
Gold and silver are used
for money.

Mamma has a silver ——
Papa has a gold ——

brook

pebbles

chatter

hear

some

over

sail

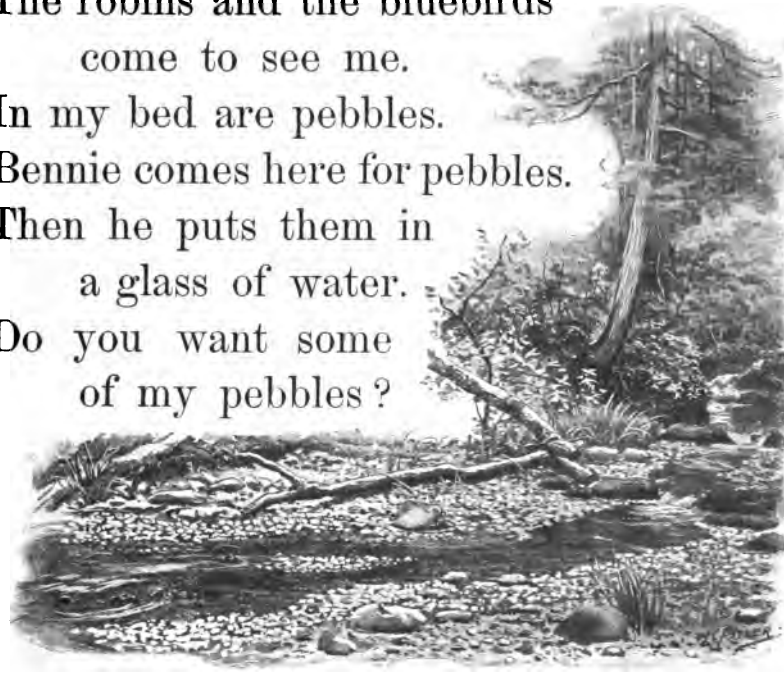
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

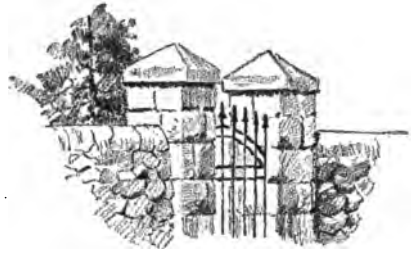
I wind about and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
With here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling.

—TENNYSON.

cows sheep robin want glass

I am a little brook.
Do you hear me chatter over the stones?
The leaves fall on me.
The leaves sail away as I run.
I give water to the cows and the sheep.
The robins and the bluebirds
come to see me.
In my bed are pebbles.
Bennie comes here for pebbles.
Then he puts them in
a glass of water.
Do you want some
of my pebbles?





Here a gate and there a wall,
Here a window,
There a door,
Here a steeple wondrous tall,
Riseth ever more and more.

From "Love Songs of Childhood" by Eugene Field.
By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

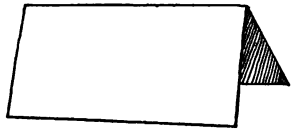
Marian	rains	let	goes
name	church	fold	mats

My name is Marian.
My brother's name is Bennie.
When it rains, Bennie and I play
in the house.
We weave splints and lay sticks.

We fold paper and weave mats.
We build with blocks.
Here we are with our blocks.
Bennie has built a church.
I have built a house.
My house has windows and doors.
My little doll is in the house.
How do you like our train of cars?
Bennie made this train.
He will let my doll ride.
Ring-a-ling! ring-a-ling!
Away goes the train.

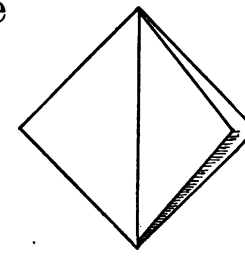
tent	square	corner
cap	soldier's	feather

I have a square paper.



I can make a tent.
Here is my tent.
Can you make a tent?

Fold the tent into a little square.



Fold over one corner like this
Fold under three corners.
Now it is a soldier's cap.

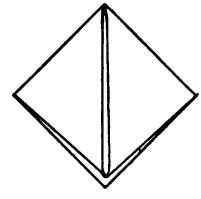
Pin a white feather on the cap.
Put the cap on your dolly's head.

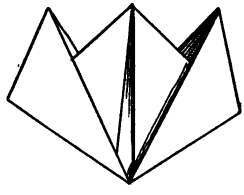
Now your dolly is a soldier.
Can you make a tent for the soldier?

Can you fold a cap?

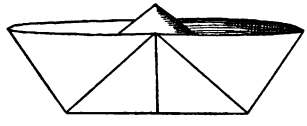
fine	turn	very	open
pull	help	apart	finger

Can you turn the cap into a boat?
I will help you.
Put your finger into the cap.
Open the cap.
Take out your finger.
Fold the little cap into a square like this.

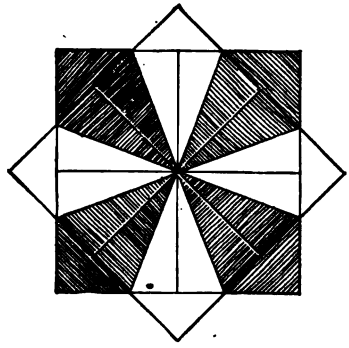




Can you pull the corners apart?
It is very hard to pull the corners apart.
Now we have a fine little boat.



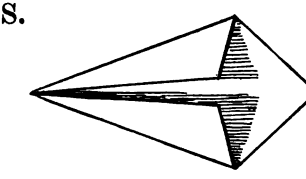
This is a boat.



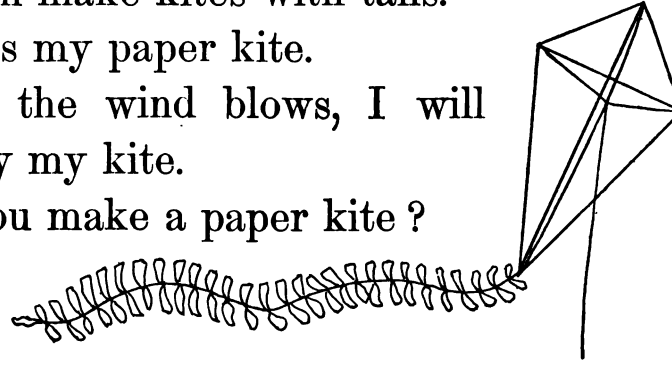
school	room
kites	tails
large	trim

Here is a paper star.
It is made of square papers.

A paper is folded like this.

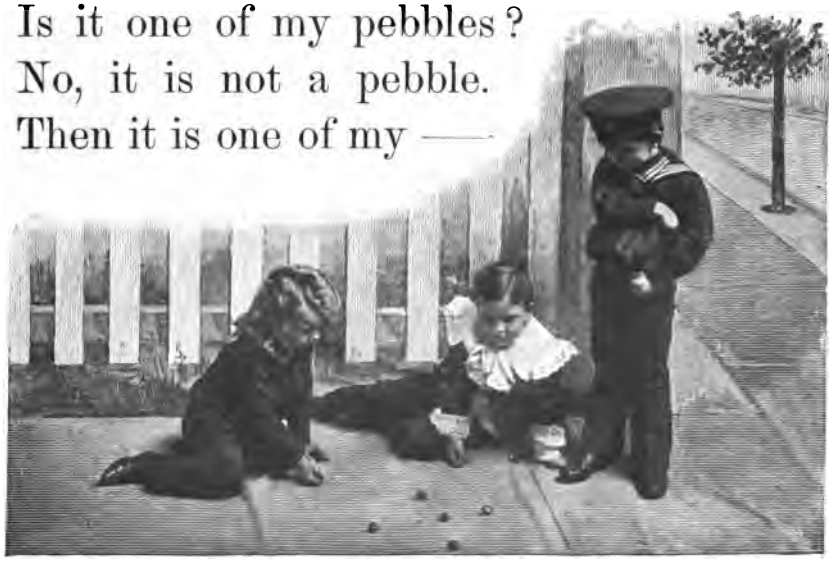


Eight of these papers
make a pretty star.
We have made large
red stars to trim our schoolroom.
The folded papers look like little kites.
We can make kites with tails.
Here is my paper kite.
When the wind blows, I will
fy my kite.
Can you make a paper kite?



ball good round yes eat

Tell me what I have in my hand, Bennie.
Is it round like a ball, Frank?
Yes, it is round like a ball.
Is it good to eat?
No, it is not good to eat.
Did it grow on a tree?
No, it did not grow on a tree.
It is one of the balls you play with.
Is it one of my pebbles?
No, it is not a pebble.
Then it is one of my ——



THE RAIN.

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,

It rains on the umbrellas here,

And on the ships at sea.

who	stood	crept	don't
said	umbrella	spider	any

It rains and rains.
Who has an umbrella?

"I have," said the robin;
And he sat under a leaf.

"I have," said the bee;
And he crept into a flower.

"I have," said the spider;
And he went under a stone.

"I have," said the cow;
And she stood under a tree.

"I don't want any umbrella," said
the boy;
And he ran in the rain.

The lines on the preceding page are from the "Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

A PHONETIC EXERCISE.

make	he	sky	grow	grew
take	she	fly	blow	blew
cake	we	cry	row	flew

and	at	tap	car	call
hand	hat	lap	far	fall
sand	sat	sap	star	ball
land	cat	cap	jar	all

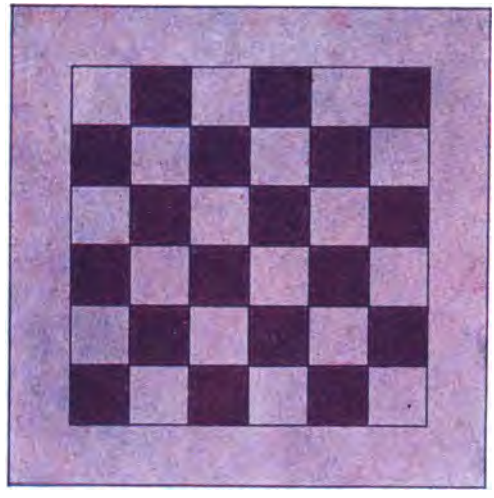
Grace likes to make paper mats.
Her mamma cuts the mats.
Then Grace weaves them with strips
of pretty paper.
She can sing a little song
about making mats.
The song tells her how to weave.
Do you like her purple mat?

till

next

done

strip



row

purple

laid

weaving

A WEAVING SONG.

Over one, under one,
  Over one we go;
So we weave our paper strip
  In a pretty row.

Under one, over one,
  Next our strip is laid;
Till our weaving all is done,
  And our mat is made.

Painting by Henry Bacon.

PLAYING BY THE SEA.

Jack shells sailor
sea waves shore

Jack lives by the sea.
He is a sailor boy.
Jack loves the sea.
He likes to see the
waves come in.
He likes to play in the
sand on the shore.
He finds pretty shells in the sand.
He likes to hear the waves.
They sing him to sleep at night.
Jack sails in the boat with his papa.
He helps to sail the boat.
The wind blows the white sails.
Then the boat sails away
over the blue sea.

Jack is a sailor boy.

dressed	large
rainbow	colors
dish	suit

I play with paper dolls.
I have large dolls and
little dolls.
I have baby paper dolls.
My large dolls are dressed
in rainbow colors.
One doll has a blue suit
and a blue cap.
He looks like a sailor boy.
I call this doll Jack, the sailor.
My sailor doll can sail in a paper boat.
I play a dish of water is the sea.
When I blow the boat
it sails away over the sea.
Do you like to play with paper dolls?

Bo Peep	orange	took	think
went	shepherd	crook	lost

Bo Peep was a little shepherd girl.
She took care of her sheep.
One day she lost her sheep.
Then she went to find them.
I play one of my paper dolls is Bo Peep.
I play she has lost her sheep.
Now she is going
to find them.
My little Bo Peep
has a pretty dress.
It is an orange dress.
She has a shepherd's
crook in her hand.
Do you think she will
find her sheep?
Can you find Bo Peep's
sheep?

"Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them."

Poor little Bo Peep,
She looked and she looked for her sheep.

came	drank	drink	sat
sang	awoke	found	ate

But she could not find them.
She found green grass, but no sheep came to eat.
She found a little brook, but no sheep came to drink.
Bo Peep sat down on the grass.
The birds sang to her.
The brook sang over the stones.
Little Bo Peep fell asleep.

Over the hills came the sheep.
Bo Peep did not hear them.
They drank the cool water in the brook.
They ate the green grass.
When little Bo Peep awoke, her sheep had all come back to her.

carry
harm
basket
grandmother
best

cakes
butter
cloak
Red Riding
Hood

Here is the doll I love best.
She has a red cloak and a red hood.
I call her Red Riding Hood.
Do you see her little basket?
She has cakes and butter in it.
Red Riding Hood is going to her
grandmother's.
She will carry the cakes and butter.
Her red hood will keep her safe
from all harm.

This paper doll is dressed in green.
He is my little prince.
I play he is Prince of Doll Land.
He holds up his yellow sword.
Then all the dolls mind him.

Jack sails his little boat.
Red Riding Hood goes to her grandmother's.
Bo Peep finds her sheep.
All the paper doll babies go to bed.

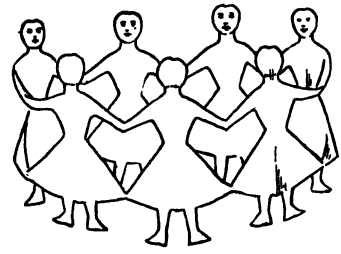
All the birds will sing,
All the lily bells will ring,
When the little prince
comes to Doll Land.

mind prince
bed babies
land sword

fairy

fairies

dance



reads

king

words

Mamma cuts little paper dolls for me.
I play they are fairies.
I play they dance on the green grass.
Mamma reads about the fairy king and
the fairy queen.
Here are the words I like best.

And Ho! sang the King of them,
And Hey! sang the Queen;
And round and round the ring of them
Went dancing o'er the green.
And Hey! sang the Queen of them,
And Ho! sang the King;
And all that I had seen of them
Wasn't anything.

—James Whitcomb Riley, *in* "*Rhymes of Childhood.*"
By permission of Bowen-Merrill Company.

A PHONETIC EXERCISE.

tent	best	keep	full
went	west	sheep	pull
ring	find	light	turn
king	mind	bright	burn
cow	found	brook	could
bow	round	crook	would

asters	Queen	Violet	crown
sweet	wears	pansies	bloom

This is my paper doll queen.

Her name is Queen Violet.
I will tell you how
I play with this doll.
Queen Violet is queen
of the purple flowers.
I play the purple
pansies bow to her.
I play the purple
asters bloom for her.

I play the purple violets are sweet for her.
Queen Violet wears a golden crown.
Purple stones are in her crown.
Her dress is purple and white.

Queen Violet is my doll queen.

grow Princess May named garden

I have named this paper doll
the Princess May.
Here is the song I sing
to her.

Princess May,
O Princess May,
How does your
garden grow?
With silver bells,
And white sea shells,
And pretty flowers all
in a row.

Princess May wears a dress of yellow.
Silver bells are in her hand.
White sea shells are on her dress.
She wears a yellow crown.

which seen their best bird's

Now you have seen my paper dolls.
Which doll do you like best?
Can you find the rainbow colors
in their dresses?
We can find the rainbow colors
in the flowers.
We see them in birds' feathers.
When do we see the rainbow colors in
the sky?
We see them best of all in the rainbow.

Six bright little fairies came
When the storm was ended;
Six bright little fairies came,
Looking very splendid.

A PHONETIC EXERCISE.

l	s	r	t	m
love	seed	rose	took	men
look	snow	rain	take	made
live	seen	ride	tall	make
like	strip	ring	tell	mast

n	f	c	g	d
nest	fold	cold	give	door
name	fall	call	gave	day
nose	fell	cow	grow	done
next	full	cake	good	dish
now	fill	cut	gate	did

A B C D E F G H I J

K L M N O P Q R S T

U V W X Y Z

I saw a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea,
And it was full of pretty things
  For Baby and for me.

There was candy in the cabin,
  And apples in the hold.
The sails were made of silk,
  And the masts were made of gold.

—Nursery Rhymes.

masts	will	sometime	its
things	great	beautiful	full

I will play I have a ship at sea.
My ship is sailing.
It is sailing on the great blue sea.
Now it is far, far away.

Sometime my ship will come to me.
It will sail to Baby and me.
My ship is full of pretty things.
It is full of pretty things for Baby and for me.

O, my ship is a beautiful ship!
All its sails are white,
Its masts are yellow as gold.
It is sailing, sailing over to me.
Sail, ship, sail!
Blow, winds, blow, and sail my ship to me!

TO BE MEMORIZED.

He saith to the snow: Be thou on the earth.

He giveth snow like wool. He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

Who can stand before his cold?

—FROM THE BIBLE.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of his garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

—LONGFELLOW.

snow	falling	earth	covers
cold	children	fields	wool

The snow is on the earth.
It is white and soft like wool.
The snow comes from cloudland. It falls on the trees and covers the brown fields.
The children like to see the falling snow.

Sing a song of snowflakes,
White, and soft, and cool;
Four and twenty little folk,
Running home from school.

Painted by E. H. Blashfield. (84)

THE BELLS.

Christmas	angels	shall
morning	heaven	every

All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And every one on earth shall sing
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
And every one on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

—Old English Carol.

sun	daylight	than	brings
sets	shining	rises	far

The sun is a great shining ball.
It is far away from the earth.
The sun brings the daylight.
Daylight comes when the sun rises.
Daylight goes when the sun sets.
Where the sun shines it is day.
Where the sun does not shine it is night.
The sun is larger than the moon.
It is larger than the earth.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

"Early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy,
Wealthy and wise".

true nurse's dreaming inside

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

A little boy was dreaming
  Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
  And the stars fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
  What did that little boy do?
He went and looked inside his cap,
  And found it was not true.

—NURSERY RHYME.

The stars are shining
  balls in the sky.
They are far,
  far away.

We can not count the stars

moon	smaller	grown	air
lamp	shaped	bigger	bow

O, look at the moon,
  She is shining up there;
O, Mother, she looks
  Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
  And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
  And round like an O.

—Mrs. Follen.

west shines lights new peeps

Have you seen the moon in the sky?
The moon is a ball like the earth.
It shines like a lamp in the air.
Sometimes the moon looks round.
Then we say it is full.
Sometimes it is shaped like a bow.
When we see the bow in the west,
we call it a new moon.
The moon shines in the night.
It peeps in at the window and shines
on the sleeping children.
It shines on the sleeping flowers and
on the little birds in their nests.
The moon lights the earth.
It shines on the sea and the ships.

Have you seen the moon?
The moon shines at night.

milk	cream	churn	off
fresh	bread	standing	pans

Do you see our cows? I see them standing in the water under the trees.

Every day they give us fresh milk and cream.

I have some little pans.

At night I fill my pans with warm fresh milk.

In the morning I find cream on the top of the milk.

Then I take off the cream and put it in my little churn.

I churn a long time until the cream turns into butter.

Here is one of my butter balls on a little dish.

Bennie and I like bread and butter.

We like bread and milk, too.

Do you like bread and milk?

Do you like butter?

Do you like bread and milk?
Do you like butter?

letter	sister	wrote	new
funny	story	years	hen

When Marian was six years old, Bennie gave her a new book.

Here is the letter he wrote to put in the book.

Dear little Sister:

Here is a new book for you. There is a funny story about an old hen in this book. When you can read this story I will give you one of my rabbits.

Bennie.

THE STORY OF BIDDIE WIDDIE.

tail walk walked
cackle roseleaf walking

One day Biddie Widdie went into the garden to take a walk.

As she was walking, a rose leaf fell on her tail.

"Cackle, cackle," said Biddie Widdie, "the sky is falling! the sky is falling! I will go and tell the king."

So she walked and she walked until she met a rooster.

"Good morning, Rooster Pooster," she said.

"Good morning, Biddie Widdie," said the rooster. "Where are you going?"

Rooster	Pooster	until	Goosey
duck	goose	cried	Gander

"O, Rooster Pooster," she said, "the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said the rooster.

So they went on and on until they met a goose.

"O, Goosey Gander, Goosey Gander," they cried, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Goosey Gander.

So they went on and on until they met a duck.

Ducky	know	heard	Turkey
Lucky	met	news	Lurkey

"O, Ducky Lucky," they said, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Ducky Lucky; "for I want to see the king."

So they walked and they walked and they walked until they met a turkey.

"O, Turkey Lurkey," they said, "have you heard the news? The sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And the turkey said, "I will go with you and help you tell the king, for I know the way to the king's house."

Foxy

Doxy

king's

left

liked

fine

glad

fox

So they walked and they walked and they walked, but they did not come to the king's house.

By and by they met a fox.

The fox was very glad to see them, for he liked Biddie Widdie, Turkey Lurkey, Rooster Pooster, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Gander.

So he said, "Where are you all going this fine morning?"

"The sky is falling," they all said, "and we are going to tell the king."

"I know the way to the king's house, and I will go with you," said the fox.

But they all cried, "O, no, Foxy Doxy, you will not go with us. We do not like you, Foxy Doxy."

So they all walked on and left the fox. By and by they came to the king's house.

And the king stood in the door of his house and heard the news.

—From Old English Folk Lore.

piece tied
shape present
ribbon grandmother

Grace made an Easter present for her grandmother.

She cut a piece of blue paper the shape of a large egg. On this paper she wrote, "A Happy Easter."

She cut a white paper like the blue paper. On this she wrote, "To my dear Grandmother."

Then she tied the two papers
with a pink ribbon.

AT EASTER TIME.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time,
At Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.
"We'll hear the song of heaven," they say,
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh, may it shine on us alway
At happy Easter time!"

—LAURA E. RICHARDS, *in the "Youth's Companion."*

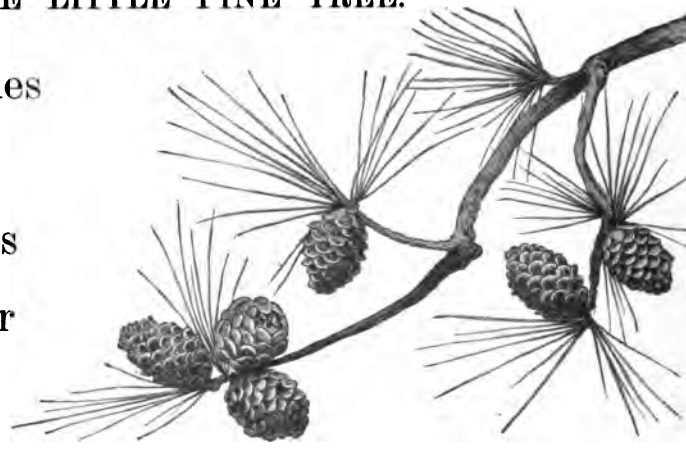
THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

needles

place

leaves

better



A little pine tree grew in the woods.

It had no leaves. It had needles.

The little tree said, "I do not like needles. All the other trees in the woods have pretty leaves. I want leaves, too. But I will have better leaves. I want gold leaves."

At night the little tree went to sleep. A fairy came by and gave it gold leaves in place of its needles.

bag again other saw nor

When the little tree awoke, it had leaves of gold.

It said, "O, I am so pretty! No other tree has gold leaves."

One day a man came into the woods with a bag. He saw the gold leaves. He took them all and put them into his bag.

The poor little tree cried, "I do not want gold leaves again. I will have glass leaves."

The little tree went to sleep. In the night the fairy came by and put glass leaves on it.

The little tree awoke and saw its glass leaves.

How pretty they looked in the sunshine. No other tree was so bright.

goat	broken	sunshine	were
blew	hungry	wanted	happy

By and by a wind came up. It blew and blew.

The glass leaves all fell from the tree and were broken.

Again the little tree had no leaves.

It was very sad, and it said, "I will not have gold leaves, and I will not have glass leaves.

"I want green leaves. I want to be like the other trees."

And the little tree went to sleep. When it woke, it was like other trees. It had green leaves.

A goat came by. He saw the green leaves on the little tree. The goat was hungry, and he ate all the leaves.

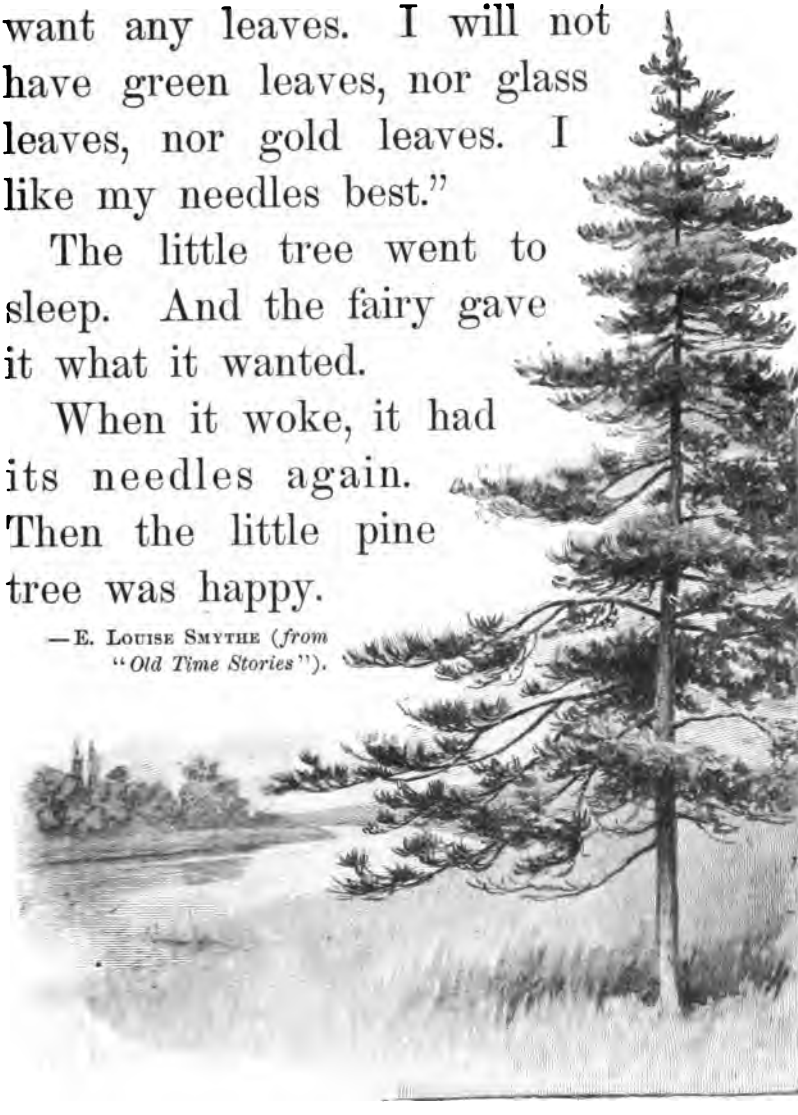
Then the little tree said, "I do not

want any leaves. I will not have green leaves, nor glass leaves, nor gold leaves. I like my needles best."

The little tree went to sleep. And the fairy gave it what it wanted.

When it woke, it had its needles again. Then the little pine tree was happy.

—E. Louise Smythe (*from "Old Time Stories"*).



Painted by W. S. Coleman.

I LIKE TO SWING.

swing rope breezes branches hang

"Who likes to swing?" said Annibel.

"I," said the spider, "I like to swing. See me hang by one rope from my web. I swing and swing until the wind blows me away with my rope."

"We like to swing," said the tall flowers and grasses. "We swing when the wind blows."

"I like to swing," sang the hang-bird. "My swing is a nest on a tall tree. I swing day and night as I sit on my eggs."

"My swing is best," said Annibel. "I swing so high that I can see far over the gardens and the fields."

Here we go to the branches high!
Here we come to the grasses low!
For the spiders and flowers and birds and I
Love to swing when the breezes blow.

—E. S. B.

A SHORT SERMON.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day,
Do what is right!
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
You shall have light!

—ALICE CARY.

A PHONETIC EXERCISE.

wh	th	sh	br
when	then	ship	bring
where	there	sheep	brook
which	these	shone	bread
what	that	shine	brave
who	this	shut	bright

LULLABY

One, one,
Day is done.

Two, two,
Falls the dew.

Three, three,
The moon I see.

Four, four,
Play no more.

Five, five,
Bees seek the hive.

Six, six,
The big clock ticks.

Seven, seven,
Stars in heaven.

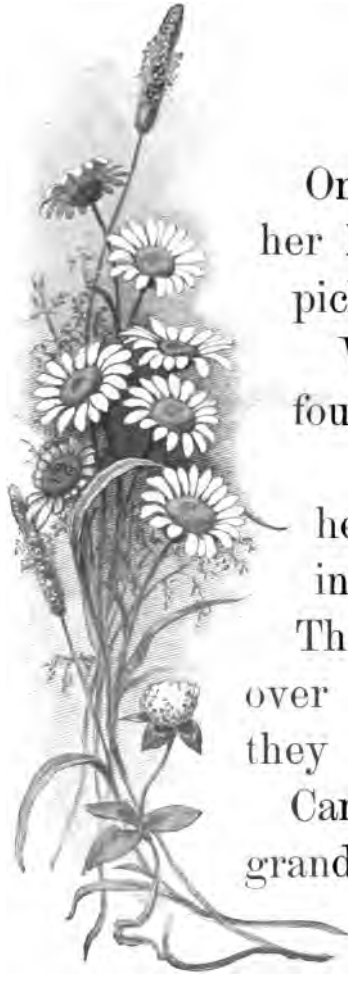
Eight, eight,
It is late.

Nine, nine.
The dream stars shine.

Ten, ten,
Sleep again.

Marie Zetterberg, author.

daisies	vase	glasses
pick	wore	faces



MARIAN'S DAISIES.

One morning Marian took her little vase and went to pick daisies.

What do you think she found?

In the night some of her daisies had turned into grandmothers.

They wore white caps over their little faces and they had on glasses.

Can you find the little grandmother?

bows	mouths	marked	had
ends	noses	posies	been

Marian's mamma had been in the daisy bed.

She marked eyes and mouths and noses on the little yellow faces.

She cut the white flower leaves into caps with bows and ends.

Then the daisies looked like little grandmothers in the grass.

THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHERS.

Did some of the daisies grow old in the night?
And turn into grandmothers yellow and white?
We left them ready to pick for posies,
And now they have eyes and mouths and noses.

Who knew that grandmothers grew in the grasses?
Who dressed them up and put on their glasses?
Who put on their caps and tied their bows?
How did it happen? Who knows? Who knows?

Indians please stories country

STORY TELLING.

Marian likes to hear her mamma read about the ride to Bumpville and the Shut-eye train.

She likes to hear about the little brook that chatters over the stones and pebbles.

Best of all, she likes the story of the little pine tree.

Bennie can read books. He can read the story of Biddie Widdie and the story of Little Bo Peep.

When night comes, Bennie says, "Please, papa, tell us an Indian story."

His papa tells him a true story about the Indians. Then he tells stories about some of the great men who have lived in our country.

after
place
ago
covered
skins
brave
people

THE INDIANS.

A long, long time ago there were no white people where we now live.

Then the Indians lived in our country.

The Indians did not have houses like ours. They lived in tents covered with skins.

They had no chairs in their tents. They sat on the ground, and their beds were made on the ground.

time board ties hair stopped

After they had lived in one place for a time, they went away and took their tents with them.

When they found a place they liked, they stopped and set up their tents again.

The Indian mamma ties her baby on a board. We call this board a cradle.

Sometimes she hangs the cradle on a tree. Then the baby can see his mamma at her work.

The Indian papa paints his face and wears feathers in his hair.

Indian men are very brave, but they do not like to work.

Columbus became lived over

COLUMBUS.

Here is a picture of Columbus, who lived a long time ago in a country far away.

When he was a boy his home was by the sea. He loved the sea and the ships, and he liked to talk with the sailors.

He said, "When I am a man, I will sail over the great sea and I will find a new way for the ships."

When Columbus became a man, he did sail over the sea and he found this country for our home.

Can you tell the name of our country?

Pilgrims	winter	many
Mayflower	fathers	spring

THE PILGRIMS.

After Columbus found our country many people came here to live.

Some of these people were called Pilgrims. They sailed over the sea in a ship named the Mayflower.

When the ship came to the shore, it was cold and snow was on the ground.

The children said, "Where are our new homes?"

"We must build them as soon as we can," said their fathers.

So the boys helped the men cut down trees and build log houses.

THE MAYFLOWER.

corn	plant	kind	thank
ripe	mouse	kept	Thanksgiving

The winter was long and cold. In the spring some kind Indians came to see the Pilgrims and gave them corn to plant.

They told the men to plant their corn when the white oak leaves were as big as the ears of a mouse.

When the corn was ripe, the Pilgrims said, "We will thank God for our food and our homes."

So the first Thanksgiving Day was kept in the new country.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

For sowing and reaping,
for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers,
and gold of the wheat,
For ships in the harbors,
for sails on the sea,
Oh, Father in Heaven,
our songs rise to Thee.

For peace and for plenty,
for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land
from the east to the west,
For the dear starry flag,
with its red, white, and blue,
We thank Thee from hearts
that are honest and true.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER,

From "Little Knights and Ladies."
Copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers.

Painted by J. Kleinmichael. (118)

LEARNING TO WRITE.

pen	quill	learning	mother
end	steel	teaching	write

Here is a picture of a little boy learning to write. Can you tell what he has in his hand?

It does not look like a pen. It looks like a large feather.

Yes, it is a feather from the wing of a goose. The little boy's father cut the quill and made the end into a pen.

Now his mother is teaching him to write.

Before steel pens were made, all the children learned to write with quill pens.

This little boy's mother wears a cap. She looks like the Pilgrim mothers who came over in the Mayflower.

I think this little boy must have lived a very long time ago.

president	always	spoke	truth
minded	never	afraid	first

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Here is a picture of George Washington on his horse.

Washington was the first president of our country.

George Washington was a boy who minded his mother.

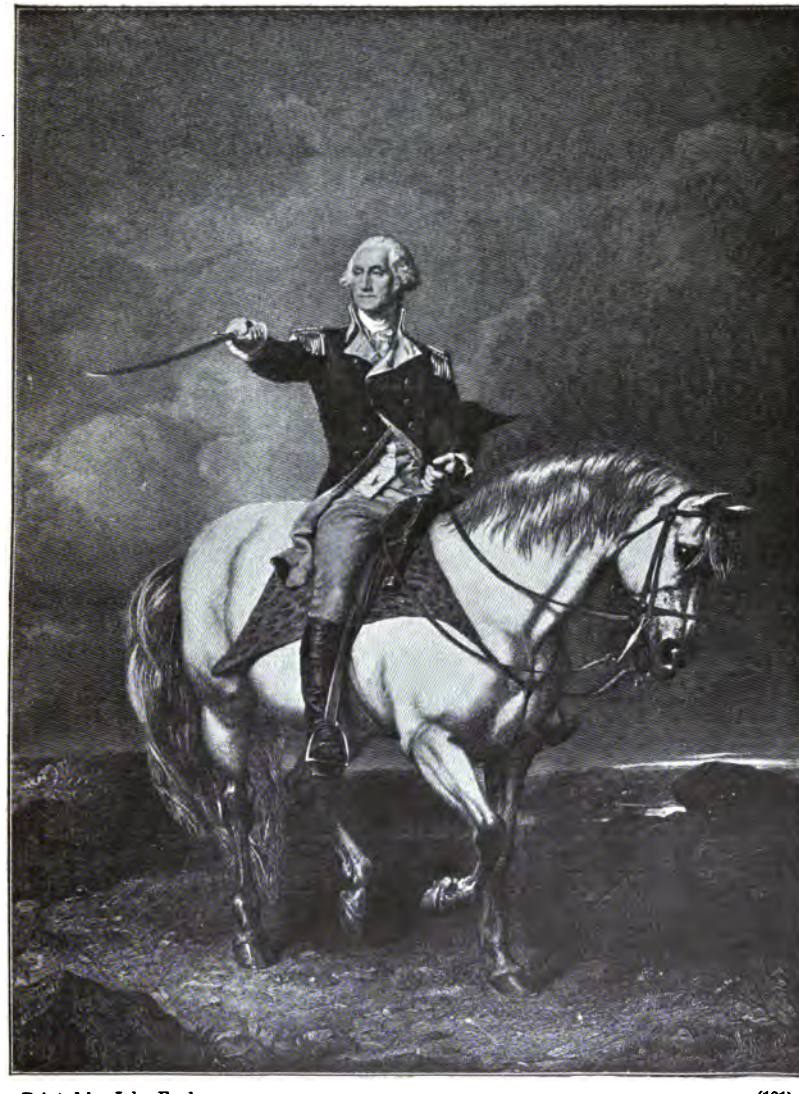
He was never afraid.

He always spoke the truth.

When George was a large boy he wanted to go to sea in a ship.

The boat came for him. He went to say "Good-by" to his mother.

He found her crying. So he said, "Mother, I will not go. I will stay with you until I am a man."



Painted by John Faed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

fire	burned	honest
log	shovel	poor
cabin	wooden	numbers

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This is a picture of Abraham Lincoln.

When Lincoln was a boy he lived in a log cabin. This poor little house had but one room.

Lincoln liked to go to school, and he liked to read at home. He had no lamp, and so he read by the light of the fire.

He wrote his numbers on a wooden shovel with a stick burned in the fire.

Lincoln was a very kind boy. He was kind to the birds and the horses. He was kind to his playmates.

He was kind and good to his mother.

Lincoln was an honest boy.

Once a man let him take a book to read. At night the snow blew in at the window and wet the book. Lincoln told the man all about it. Then he worked hard to pay for the book.

When Lincoln became a man he was so great and so good that he was made president of our country.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

THE FIVE GOATS.

A man had five goats.

Every morning his little boy drove them up the mountain side.

more	drive	morning	faster
would	drove	mountain	after

All day the goats ran and jumped on the rocks.. They found green grass to eat and good water to drink.

Every night the boy and his little sister came to drive them home.

One night the goats ran into a hay field.

The little girl ran after them. But she could not get them out of the field.

"Now I will try," said the boy. "I am larger than you are."

So the boy ran after the goats. But they would not come out for the boy.

"Let me try," said the dog. "I have more legs than a boy. I can run faster and I can bark."

So the dog ran after the goats.

bark buzz around legs try

He barked and he barked, but the goats would not come out for the dog.

"Let me try," said a fox. "I know more than a dog."

So the fox ran after the goats, but he could not get them.

"Let me try," said a horse. Then the horse ran around the field. But he could not drive the goats out of the field of hay.

"Let me try," said a little bee who came buzzing by.

"Let you try! You are too little," said the boy.

"You are smaller than I am," said the girl.

"What can you do?" said the dog.

"Can you drive goats?" said the horse.

know milked supper flew trot

"Does a bee know more than a fox or a horse? Does a bee know more than a boy or a dog?" said the fox.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz! We will see; we will see," said the bee.

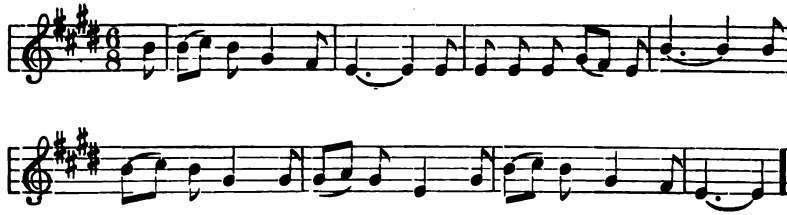
Away flew the little bee. He buzzed by the big goat's ear.

The big goat stopped eating grass and out he ran.

After him went the white goat. On came the other three goats.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!" said the bee. Trot, trot, trot, came the five goats out of the field.

Then the boy and his sister drove them home. Their father milked the goats and the children had goat's milk and bread for their supper.



Good night, good night, good night,
We'll meet in the morning light.
But now we're away to run and play.
Good night, good night, good night.

Good night, good night, good night,
We'll meet in the morning light.
May angels guard us while we sleep.
Good night, good night, good night.

—M. H. Howliston, *in "The Child's Song Book."*

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